

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

The Story of Two Famous Feminine Bandits—A Washington Woman and Some of Her Homes—How Enterprise Founded and Furnished a Hospital in Three Days.

TWO LADY BANDITS.

The Story of Mrs. Belle Black and Mrs. Jennie Freeman, Now Federal Prisoners.

Are Neither Beautiful Nor Romantic, but Are Faithful Helpmates to Their Husbands, Also Outlaws.

It is not supposed that the story of these women outlaws will incite any of the women readers of this page to desperate deeds. It does afford, however, a curious glimpse of another side of the feminine character, to which this subject is rarely allied. If any one has pride in their prowess this pride must be tempered by the fact that the ladies were led by Mr. Zip Wyatt, an expert.

Guthrie, April 12.—Among the scores of criminals confined in the United States Jail in this city, the centre of attraction to the many visitors in the large outer corridor are two female bandits, recently captured in the Glass Mountains, in the Western part of the Cherokee Strip, chatting with the other prisoners in the cells, or engaged in a game of cards with those who have been allowed the freedom of the corridors with them.

Contrary to the female bandit of romance, these prisoners are neither very young nor handsome, and when captured, instead of being dressed in the dashing cowboy garb pictured in the sensational novel, they wore the attire usual to the wives of farmers and workmen, save that one wore boots and spurs, to aid her in urging her horse when attempting to outride the deputy marshals.

For a year past the gang of notorious desperadoes led by Zip Wyatt, an outlaw guilty of a dozen murders, has defied the deputy marshals, as well as the Sheriff's posse of different counties.

During all this time it was never known

separate, and had evidently murdered the brave deputies in her heart, as the eyes of Porter had been dug out with a pen, and Banks's pictured body was stabbed through the heart and the neck.

Wyatt, the outlaw chief, used to be a cowboy in this vicinity, and came to Guthrie once a month to spend his wages in a wild carousal, and it was on one of these trips that he formed the acquaintance of Mrs. Freeman, and after he murdered the Sheriff of Greenwood County, at the Fourth of July celebration two years ago, and became a fugitive from justice and later an outlaw leader, he kept up a correspondence with her, which resulted in her finally leaving her husband to join him in his deeds of crime and violence.

She was an Illinois girl, well brought up and educated, but became full of distorted romance as the result of reading innumerable cheap novels.

A mystery has puzzled the officers time and again, when two or three of them have fired at Wyatt point blank at good range, but never did he show the least effect from the deadly Winchester balls. Mrs. Freeman states that he wears at all times steel plates on his breast, back and thighs, and also says that Wyatt realizes that he will receive no mercy in the courts, and is determined never to be taken alive. Of the mysterious member of the gang who always appears with a white mask over his face and is known as "the ghost," she refuses to say anything beyond admitting that he was an outlaw, long since supposed to be dead.

When first arrested, Mrs. Freeman stated that the officers were wasting time in trying to capture the gang, as they would escape and leave no trail, which prediction was but too true.

Mrs. Black and her husband came from Western Kansas six years ago, and, becoming financially embarrassed, resorted to cattle stealing, and were compelled to hide

CYCLING NOTES.

The impalement of a wheelwoman in Philadelphia on Tuesday was not attended by even the redeeming feature of a moral lesson. She was riding slowly on the right side of the street, so that no fault of any kind could be attributed to her, and inexperience in dismounting could not be alleged, for the witnesses of the dreadful accident testified that the approach of the runaway was seen and the injury inflicted at the same moment. Of course, it would be absurd to hold up Mrs. Morse's terrible fate as a warning to cyclists, because no reasonable inference of general danger can be made from it. But the suggestion does present itself to the mind that some day, when the number of city cyclists shall have approximated its true proportion, and the facilities for mechanical traction shall have been developed, horses will be excluded from crowded streets entirely.

If the proposed banquet in celebration of the passing of the Armstrong bill be held, it will be only fair to women, who are as enthusiastic over the victory as are men, that they should be afforded an opportunity to show their appreciation not only of the Legislature and of the divisional chief consul, but also of such table delicacies as will aptly indicate the nice way in which the whole matter has been handled. The Governor's signature to the bill authorizing the making of the return path from Coney Island is something for the wheelmen of this city to rejoice over. The run to the shore has always been enjoyable except for the constant fear of collisions with coming wheels. Now it will be as safe as any highway, even at night.

The proposal to transform the centre-piece of the Western Boulevard into a cycle path having been informally approved by the Park Board, is now under the consideration of the Department of Public Works. It could not be in better hands. Commissioner Collis is friendly to cyclists, and Mrs. Collis, who is one of them, encourages the kindly feeling. Probably while this paragraph is being written she is pleading with her husband, in the interest of her wheeling friends, to have the happy suggestion adopted. The series of ungrazed plots are of no earthly use now, nor are they ornamental; and so, in the words of a once-popular ditty, "they never would be missed." Indeed, if the proposal should, for any unforeseen reason, be rejected as far as its execution is concerned, it would be an improvement on the present crowded condition of things if the plots were removed, without any demand for reservation. The only good of the centre-piece now is that it divides the up and down line of traffic. But it is not necessary that a dividing line should be fifteen feet wide.

HOW A HOSPITAL GREW.

It is not only the saloon that springs up overnight in the Western town. Mrs. Eliza H. Alexander testified to the fact that hospitals are equally rapid of growth in these settlements where miners, lumbermen and the other picturesque members of society congregate. Ledro, in Skagit Valley, Washington State, bears out Mrs. Alexander's statement. In the interval between Sunday morning and the following Wednesday it furnished a hospital, a matron, a doctor and several patients.

Mrs. Alexander reached Ledro one Saturday evening and found that a woman lay dying because she had no recovered proper care and that there was, in fact, no place in which she could receive it. To Mrs. Alexander, fresh from the Eastern districts of hospitals and sanitariums, this was a dreadful condition. She promptly thought out a plan for bettering it. On Sunday morning she attended service in the hired room that served for a church, and after service interested the few women present in the hospital question. The result was the immediate formation of a St. Elizabeth's Guild. Next the enterprising visitor secured from the resident managers of the land company which practically owned Ledro the use of a vacant building. Then on Tuesday she set forth with a lumber wagon and stopped at every habitation in the district for such supplies as could be spared for the hospital. She came back to Ledro with a wagon load of furniture and bedding.

By Wednesday morning the furniture was properly distributed, a refined and capable widow installed as matron, and a nurse and a typhoid patient secured. Since then the hospital has flourished and grown, until now it is one of the most imposing sights in the town.

PERFUMED FLANNEL.

This is the latest fad with the women of the smart set. In appearance it resembles ordinary flannel, but of a fairly good quality. It is prepared by some secret process known only to the manufacturer, so that it emits a delicious perfume, a small piece serving to scent every article in a bureau drawer. It is sold by the yard, and is only to be had of the man who makes it and who is in Paris, but will forward it by mail. The perfume is said to be far more enduring than any of the sachets commonly in use.

PERFECTLY EXPLICIT.

In one of the Western cities there is a firm of three women lawyers who have an office on the top floor of a tall building in which there is no elevator. The other day a client climbed the stairs and arrived panting at the top, to find the office closed and the following inscription on the door: "Our senior partner is going to be married this evening, and we have gone home to prepare for the reception."

"MATILDA HICKS," "LOUISE WILSON."

A QUESTION OF AVOIRDUPOIS.

Madame: "Well, Nanette, I think you will suit me. Your recommendations are good."

Nanette: "Thank you, madame, but I am sorry to say that I cannot accept the position."

Madame: "Why not, pray? Do I not offer enough?"

Nanette: "Oh, yes, madame. But we are not the same size. Madame's gowns would be much too large for me."

FEMININE INTUITION.

Madeleine—Is he rich?
Adelaide—Yes; I am sure of it.
Madeleine—Why?
Adelaide—Bell and her mother have taken him up.

MRS. DOUGLAS'S HOMES.

Some of the Historic Washington Houses in Which the Wife of Stephen A. Douglas Has Lived.

The Dwelling Known as "The Dolly Madison House" Is Among the Residences She Has Occupied.

The first home of Mrs. Douglas was a stuccoed house on H street and Lafayette Square, built early in the present century by her grandfather, Richard Cutts, who belonged to a wealthy family of Saco, Maine, then a part of Massachusetts. He was a member of the Legislature of that State in 1790 and 1800, and in Congress from 1801 to 1813. He married Anna Payne, a younger sister of Mrs. "Dolly" Madison, in 1804; was Superintendent General of Military Affairs for four years. That office being abolished in 1817, he was appointed Second Comptroller of the Treasury, where he remained until his death in 1829. His son, James Madison Cutts, held the same office during the Buchanan Administration, and until his death in 1863.

This son brought his bride, Miss O'Neill, a Maryland belle and beauty, to his father's house as his mistress—his mother having died some months before—after a wedding trip to Montpelier, the home of his namesake. Several children were born to the couple. One of them, Adele, spoken of during her girlhood and still remembered as "Beautiful Adele Cutts," is the subject of this sketch. She was a mere infant when her father sought another home.

Richard Cutts had been a very rich man. He owned the block—one of the most historic in the city—on one corner of which his home stood, and considerable other property, but it was lost in North Carolina gold mines—in which more than one fortune was sunk in those days—and similar enterprises. The family mansion had been mortgaged to Mr. Madison for an inconsiderable sum. After his death his widow came to live in it until she died. Then a nephew of the late Mr. Cutts, the late Admiral Wilkes, whose home it was for many years. It is now owned and occupied by the Cosmos Club, among whose members are many of the leading scientific, artistic and literary men of the city. It has been changed a good deal inside, and the entrance is now on H street, instead of Lafayette Square. It is nearly always spoken of and written about as "The Dolly Madison house," the man who built and lived in it longest being seldom mentioned in connection with it.

When little Cutts became the wife of the brilliant Senator from Illinois, Stephen A. Douglas, she went to live in a gray, gabled brick house, which stood at the upper end of a walled and terraced garden occupying the space—a wedge shaped piece of ground—between New Jersey avenue and First street and H and I streets its front toward the avenue. It was a quaint old house even then, having been the "country" home of a gentleman who owned a large farm in that section. Twenty-one years ago that ground was covered with new houses, and two were made of the old one.

Not long after his marriage Senator Douglas built a more spacious home on the corner of I and Second streets, not far from the old one. It was one of three large, plain, double bricks, and had a fine ballroom at the back. After his death the family returned to the old house. The new one was bought, several years later, by Justice Bradley—the three houses had been used during the war as a hospital—and he lived in it until his death a few years ago. It is now the home of Cardinal Sallati. The third of these houses was given to General Grant by his friends. He occupied it but a short time, when it became for awhile the home of General Sherman, and in the scene of the beautiful wedding of his daughter Minnie. I am not sure whether two houses had not been made of this one before that. There are now, at all events, four instead of the original three, the fourth, or Grant house, having been the home for some twenty years of ex-Mayor M. G. Emery. But to return to Mrs. Douglas.

About the close of the war she married General Robert Williams. It was a love match. They were a very handsome couple. He was sent West not long after, and their time was divided between Fort Leavenworth, Omaha and Chicago until about five years ago, when they returned to Washington, probably to stay, as General Williams has retired. They went into a new and pleasant house on Hillier place, and got together long-stored furniture, pictures and other things, which had been too heavy or too valuable to move about, and stayed there a couple of years. For the last three years they have lived on the corner of P and Twenty-third streets.

Time has lightly touched Mrs. Williams, only sprinkling slightly with gray the abundant dark hair, which is combed plainly back, as in her youth. Her large dark eyes are filled with loving and kindly light, for she has one of the sweetest dispositions in the world. The poise of her head is very fine, and her tall figure is as slender as a girl's. Her taste in dress has always been extremely quiet, but her manner is so full of grace and distinction that the stranger turns to look after her and asks who she is. She has not gone much into society since her return to her native city, for she is a great home body and fond of her family, and never, even at the height of her beauty, the least bit vain. Her husband was a good deal of an invalid until this winter, and she gave up all her time to him. There are three sons and three daughters. The eldest, Philip, is in the navy, and the youngest went West the other day to try his fortune. Two daughters are in society, and very popular. The eldest is dark eyed and dark haired; the other is perfect blonde, with beautiful coloring and masses of golden hair. The "baby," a tall slip of about fourteen, promises to be her mother over again. Mrs. Cutts, Mrs. Williams's mother, a lovely little old lady, with a trim figure and white curls above a sweet face, lives with her daughter.

Among the many interesting things in this home are pieces of old furniture—massive and handsome bedroom sets, quaint chairs and inlaid tables, one of them with portraits of Italian poets, Dante in the centre—rare old paintings and marble busts. A "Virgin and Child" is said to have been the work of Carlo Dolci, while a picture of remarkable power, a "Crucifixion," has been pronounced by experts to be the work of Annibale Carracci. Among the family portraits are those of Richard Cutts and his wife, by Gilbert Stuart, and those of Mrs. Williams's parents, by Healy.

The portrait by Healy will awaken memories of the older generation. It was painted about the time of her first marriage and was widely known during

SOME PORTRAITS OF MRS. STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS.



the Lincoln-Douglas campaign. It is nearly full length. The dark brown hair, with glints of gold in it, is combed smoothly down and coiled low at the back of the shapely head. A simple white gown of some thin material has a very full, plain skirt and "baby" waist. No ornaments detract from the beauty of the neck and arms and the large dark eyes which light up the lovely face. The picture was carefully kept for years by the good Sisters of the Georgetown Convent, where the fair original was educated. A charming pastel by Delman was painted when she was about sixteen.

Among some fine old china is a nearly complete set—white, with delicate green wreaths—in use in her grandfather's house long before she was born, and some pretty cutlery cups which belonged to Mrs. Madison and were used in the White House. Among the books—a goodly store, scattered all over the house—are some very rare and valuable ones.

MAKING IT PAY.

Not long ago a well-to-do New York woman bought a country place out on Long Island in the midst of a farming district. She spent considerable money on the house, had a fine vegetable garden made in which two or three men were constantly at work, and set up an imposing carriage with a pair of horses and a coachman in livery. Hearing all her neighbors talk about selling their products influenced her after a time, and she became possessed of a desire to make her farm pay. One day she gathered a basketful of radishes, which she then took up into six little bunches. Seated in the imposing carriage behind the man in livery, she drove up to the largest grocery store in the nearest town and offered the radishes for sale. The man knew that she was a good customer, so, laughing inwardly, but preserving an outward appearance of solemnity, he took the six little bunches and handed her 12 cents, which she pocketed with an air of satisfaction that it was worth the amount to have called forth.

THE QUEEN'S MISTRESS.

It is said that the one woman of whom Queen Victoria stands in respectful awe is Mrs. Mussen, the housekeeper of Balmoral Castle. She has held her position of power for many years, and rules everybody who comes within her domain with a rod of iron, even to the Queen herself. Her Majesty on one occasion took a fancy to a certain housemaid, and requested that the care of her own apartments should be given to the girl. Mrs. Mussen, however, thought differently, and informed Her Majesty that such a mark of preference would only turn the young woman's head and utterly spoil her. The Queen of Great Britain and Ireland and Empress of India listened in silence and meekly acquiesced in her housekeeper's decision.

HIS MOTHER'S VIEW OF IT.

There died in Philadelphia not long ago an old gentleman who in his young days



The Sailor Collar and Stole Cape.

was considerable of a beau. He came of good old Quaker stock and was idolized by his mother, who was a worthy lady, with absolutely no knowledge of the world—that is, the world outside of Philadelphia. During the very early days of Queen Victoria's reign the son went abroad, and wrote home from London that he had been presented to Her Majesty. His good old mother read the letter to one of her friends and at its conclusion remarked:

"I am sorry that the Queen has met Richard, for who knows but what she may fall in love with him, and want to marry him."

QUITE A DIFFERENCE.

Her new gown had come over from Paris accompanied by the bill.

"I wonder how much it is in American money," she remarked helplessly.

Her friend translated it.

"Oh, thank you so much," she said pleasantly. "I always said it rather difficult, myself, because I can never remember whether five francs make a dollar or five dollars make a franc."

We are not sent into this world to do anything late which we cannot put off heartily.

HERE AND I

Incidents Revealing Various Characteristics.

She was a well-dressed young woman who looked haughtily upon the beings in the crowded cable seemed to marvel at the class who habitually patronize that plebeian conveyance. Those who noticed her fully inquiring air resented it, but no until the transfer station was reached they have their revenge. The well-dressed young woman had taken her transfer all, and crammed it into her card case absent



"PERIOD" ROOMS.

Being a Dissertation on the Prevalent Form of Torture by Furniture.

One of the compensations of the impecunious is to watch the keen discomfort of the rich experience in their efforts to spend their fortunes. Great is the joy therefore,

of the poor woman as she watches her sister, wife of one of the great, convert her house into a museum of "rooms of periods."

It would be saddening if it were not infinitely comical to hear of the trials of one multi-millionaire who is always keenly uncomfortable in his Greek drawing-room because he can never find a book there. The Greeks, you see, did not have monthly magazines lying on their parlor tables. Accordingly the good gentleman's wife, architect and furnisher have impressed upon him the necessity of not spoiling the perfect Athenian atmosphere of the apartment by the introduction of un-Athenian features such as literature. In his zeal for complete harmony the powerful triumvirate has not yet issued an order forbidding the master of the house to enter his drawing-room except when clad in the Greek chlamys, but that is because even architects, furnishers and wives do not dare to be wholly consistent. Meantime the multi-millionaire escapes from his Greek drawing-room to his Gothic library, and thinks how inappropriate it is to read Dickens under a mediæval arched ceiling and by the light from a cathedral glass window.

Only multi-millionaires, fortunately, have the wealth necessary to make themselves completely uncomfortable by Greek and Gothic rooms. But the ordinary, plain millionaire has enough money to be made fairly miserable by Louis Quinze or Louis Seize drawing-rooms, old Dutch reproductions in the line of dining-rooms, and bare Colonial hallways. Comparatively small riches will go a long way toward making a family miserable once the "room" fever has entered into the veins of the family's presiding genius. Good American women of mixed ancestry and heavy weight have felt exceeding discomfort in apartments furnished in spindle-legged, gilt chairs belonging to the period of a French King of unhalloved memory. For what does it profit a woman to furnish her room with the most perfect consistency if she herself must always be an unharmonious note in it? Why should the lover of good roast beef and large, inviting armchairs have to wander hopelessly about a room set with the straight, harp-backed chairs of colonial days, when repose was frowned upon and roast beef was none too plenty? After all, one must live more or less at home, even if one has money in abundance.

mindfully. When she boarded the second car and the conductor demanded her ticket she was for a moment at a loss to remember what she had done with it. Then remembering, she drew it forth, handed it to the waiting collector of fares and looked scornfully about her. He gave a look at the slip she had offered him and returned it, remarking loudly:

"Pawn tickets don't go on this line."

The haughty young woman had lost something of her *Verde Ver* air by the time she had made the correction in her fare, and the plebeians who habitually patronize the cable roads were smiling happily at her.

She was a pretty girl, with a pensive habit of leaning her rosy cheek upon her hand and of accentuating the dimple at the corner of her mouth by occasional prodings with her forefinger. Sometimes when she wished to be thoughtful, she pressed her palm to her brow after the Delartian manner of indicating reflection. She was pursuing these small wiles and culled at the theatre the other evening, and she noticed that instead of the customary look of admiration a wide-eyed expression of horror grew on her escort's face. Finally she ejaculated:

"Well, what is the matter? Is there anything wrong with me?"

"Your black gloves are rubbing off on your face, and you look like a defeated prizefighter, that's all," said he.

Whereupon the rows immediately behind the pretty girl were treated to a sight of a comely young woman suddenly abandoning all feminine snares and devoting herself exclusively to the stage performance.

They met at the linen counter, and the girl in blue looked so sadly perplexed that the girl in brown said, sympathetically:

"Why, Mary, what is the matter? You look so miserable."

"I'm bothered," acknowledged May. "You see, Rudolph and I quarrelled bitterly last night. And to save my life I can't make up my mind whether to go on buying household linens in expectation of a reconciliation, or to buy me an organdy to begin a new campaign."

"It is bothering," agreed the girl in brown. "Ah! We women have so many hard problems to solve!"

FOR ALL ANGELS' CHURCH.

Probably for the first time since M. du Maurier wrote his celebrated study of French life and hypnosis, a character costume entertainment has been given with so trifling. The Altar Guild and All Angels' Episcopal Church is responsible for this innovation, but the responsibility was entirely involuntary.

"We meant to have Trilby," the members of the Guild said regretfully, "but the young lady who was going to take the part gave it up."

So it was only a happy accident which prevented the appearance of the lady of irreproachable feet at the entertainment held in the parish house, on Eighty-first street, last night. There were enough old friends, however, to atone for Trilby's absence. There was Little Bo Peep, looking for her sheep, with the same plaintive expression she wore in all well-illustrated nursery libraries. There was the woman in white—that never failing friend of costume entertainment managers. There was Miss Alcott's wholesome young heroine, "Rose in Bloom," consoling cheerfully with the morbid "Yellow Aster." "A Gredan Garnation" walked about the hall with "Madcap Violet" and "Little Miss Moffit," in a state of violent agitation over the possible approach of spiders, sought the sensible "Frisicilla," the one famous in poetic lore because she did not hesitate to encourage a diffident man.

Besides giving their guests an opportunity to guess the character which the entertainers represented from their costumes, the members of the Altar Guild provided singing and a supper. There were tables set forth daintily with silver candlesticks and rose-colored candles, there were loaves for the heated and lemonade for the thirsty. There were also "guesses." Each visitor had an opportunity to guess the name of the character from the costume. The lucky person who guessed the greatest number aright was awarded a prize.

Among the young women who took part in the entertainment were Miss A. D. Osweston, Miss Pelgrum, Miss Wess, Miss Marie Gage, Miss E. S. Osweston, Miss Putnam, Miss Bolton, Miss Rutherford, Miss E. M. Bolton, Miss Holmes and Miss Bates.

"WHAT'S IN A NAME."

A sculptor of more humor than talent recently induced a prominent New York woman to allow him to make a bust of her. When it was nearing completion he remarked during one of her sittings:

"I am afraid this is not going to look very much like you—but never mind, we will call it 'Ruth' or 'St. Cecilia,' and send it some where to take a prize."



BELLE BLACK.

The Woman Who, with Her Husband, Resorted to Cattle Stealing to Eke Out a Scanty Income.

that there were two female members of the gang, as they always appeared in men's attire when on the raids, and at other times, dressed as farmers' wives, would enter the towns, buy provisions, and often dispose of considerable plunder without causing suspicion or comment, so well did they do their part.

One of the last raids was on Fairview town and post office, about three weeks ago, when the stores of the place were looted of everything valuable. Immediately following this raid a large posse of deputy marshals took up the trail of the bandits and followed them to where they were fortified, in the Glass Mountains.

After besieging the gang for three days the officers saw two women coming from the cave of the outlaws. After a long chase they were overtaken, placed under arrest and taken before the United States Commissioner at Alva, where a search of their persons revealed a large sum of money and considerable property known to have been stolen in the Fairview raid. This is the first intimation that there were female members in the gang, and they were brought to the Federal Jail in this city and held as accessories to the robbery of the post office. They admitted being members of the gang.

One proved to be Belle Black, wife of one of the outlaw members of the gang, and the other Mrs. Jennie Freeman, wife of Matt Freeman, who formerly resided here, and left her husband nearly a year ago to elope with Zip Wyatt, the outlaw leader, and has since remained with him.

Mrs. Black is small and heavy set, with dark hair and blue eyes, with a rather pleasant look upon her face, and has not the least appearance of being a desperate criminal. Mrs. Freeman is tall and slender, with snapping black eyes, thick black hair, and wears a peculiar stinker look on her face.

When they were thoroughly searched at the jail, upon Mrs. Black was found a photograph of a dead outlaw, Tulsa Jack, who was killed the day after the Dover train robbery; also pictures of Deputy Marshals Porter and Banks, who killed Tulsa Jack. The photograph had been taken in a group after the dead outlaw was in his coffin, with one of the officers standing on each side, but the woman had cut the men in the group apart, having each picture

out, which resulted in their forming their present associations with the noted outlaws.

VEGETABLES IN DECORATION.

Not artificial flowers only, but fruits and vegetables, also, are offered as embellishment for the tables, as well as the bonnets of Spring. The latest luncheon favors are reproductions in silk of the early radishes, the tempting hot-house cucumbers, big, luscious strawberries and all such fruits and vegetables as lend their color to decoration. The primary object of their being in ornament, but, secondarily, they serve a practical use. As a prosaic matter of fact, they make pin cushions or emeries according to size, and can be carried away as permanent souvenirs. Each model is copied as closely after Nature as possible. The shape is obtained by careful piecing together of the various sections of white silk. The color is applied with the brush, and is made so fastidious as to suggest a practical test of their quality. But the ideal interest they excite is due to color and effect. Radishes with their tender, green tops surmounting the red, carrots with their splendid orange, and cucumbers that show the peculiar vivid green of the hot-house growth, are the favorites. A table adorned with any one, or with an assortment including the three, is eminently in keeping with the season of budding trees and tender grass.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

AN INVALID—First, You owe the hostess no call previous to the reception. Within a week after the event you should call, if she has a day at home; otherwise, leave one of your own and two of your husband's cards, if she is a married woman; if not, leave one of each. Second, your reception gown, with small evening bonnet, which is not removed, will be appropriate. With it wear light-colored gloves. Third, First greet your hostess, then the bride and groom. A stay of fifteen minutes is all that etiquette requires, but it can be extended at pleasure. It is essential only to convey the impression of having been agreeably entertained. Fourth, Send your gift either on the day of the ceremony or the one preceding. Attach to it one card bearing both your husband's name and your own.